

PRIDE OF MY HEART



SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

JIMMIE N. HALL

PRICE 60 CENTS



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Andante

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with some grace notes.

L.H. I love you, dear, I'll love you ev - er,
Some - times the fu - ture seems drear - y,

p

L.H.

Tr.

The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a 'Tr.' (trill) marking in the left hand. The second system continues the accompaniment with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking.

A - mid the clouds and gloom of life. _____
Some - times the path way seems long. _____

The second system continues the piano accompaniment for the second verse, featuring chords and a steady bass line.

A - mid the joys and cares of life dear, I'll cher - ish your dear heart from
Some - times the sun - light is cloud - ed, Some - times all seems to be

strife; _____ I want your dear face ev - er near me,
wrong; _____ Then dear I see _____ in my dream - ing,

And from your side I'll ne'er de - part. _____ And till life's jour - ney shall be
Your face en - wreathed with a smile. _____ Then all my fears I can


end - ed, This song shall be ev - er in my heart. _____
ban - ish, And my heart sings all the while. _____

rall.

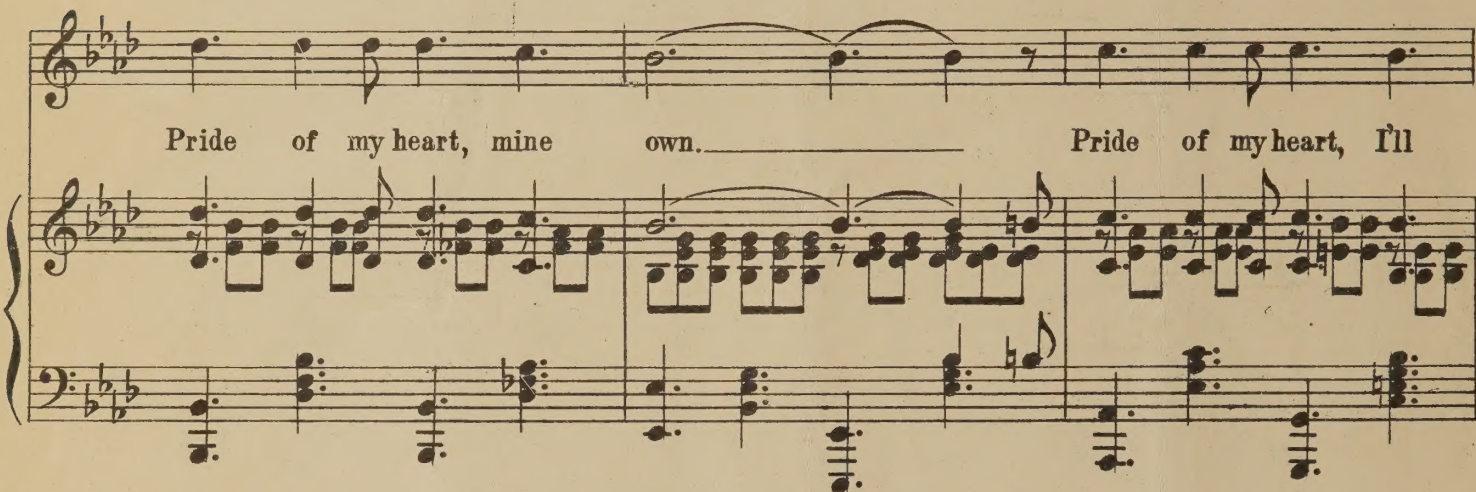
rall.

CHORUS

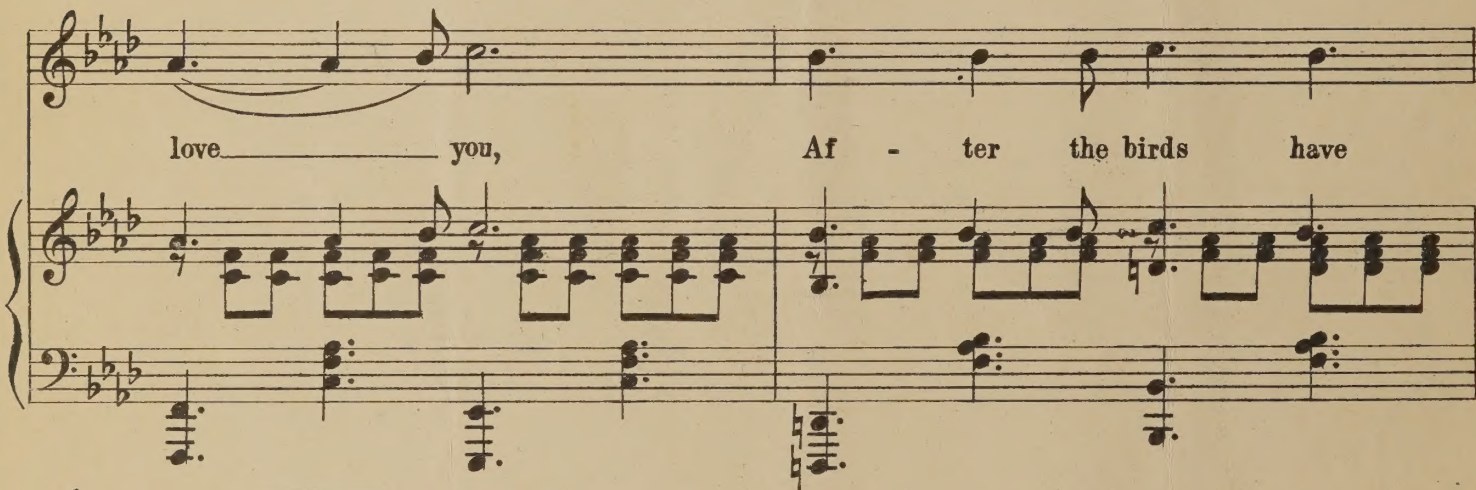
Pride of my heart, I love you, _____



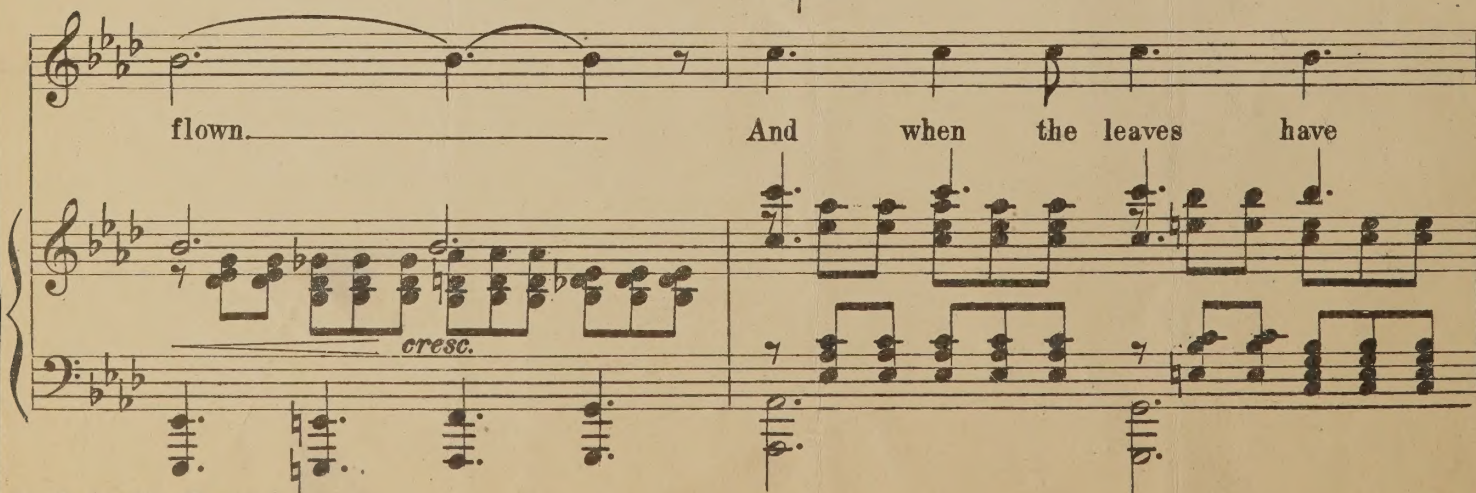
Pride of my heart, mine own. _____ Pride of my heart, I'll



love _____ you, Af - ter the birds have



flown. _____ And when the leaves have



fall - en, Af - ter life's storms have
passed. I'll love you dear for -
ev - er, And my song shall be of
thee. of thee. thee of thee.

ff

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Calling Me

Words & Music by
JIMMIE N. HALL
Arr. by Henry Edmond Earle

Andte Modto

p

p

p

p

I hear you soft-ly call-ing, When dus-ky twi-light falls. I
I hear you soft-ly call-ing, When morn-ing skies a-wake. And
see the dis-tant fan-cies Your whis-per then re-calls. The
all the sun's bright glo-ries From o'er the hill-tops break. The
breez-es gent-ly blow-ing Thru ev-'ry whisp'ring tree, Are
birds, the trees and flow-ers, All whis-per love's de-cree, 'Tis